Garnet's ways and of the plotting in the powder Treason

105

GARNETS GHOST,

Addreſsing to the Jeſuits, met in private Caball, juſt after

THE

MURTHER

OF

Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey.

Written by the Author of the *Satyr againſt Virtue*, (not yet Printed.)

BY hell 'twas bravely done, what leſs then this;
What Sacrifice of meaner worth, and price;
Could we have offer 'dup for our ſucceſs?
So fare all they who dare provoke our hate;
Who by like ways preſume to tempt their fate:
Fare each, like this bold medling fool, and be
As well cur'd, as well diſpatch'd as he.
Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain
His reeking gore, and drink up every vein:
That were a glorious *Sanction*; much like thine,
Great Roman, made upon a like deſign.
Like thine? we ſcorn ſo mean a Sacrament,
To ſeal and conſecrate our high intent,
We ſcorn baſe blood ſhould our great league cement.
Thou didſt it with a *Slave*, but we think good
To bind our Treaſon with a bleeding God.
Would it were *His*; why ſhould I fear to name,
Or you to hear't? at which we nobly aim.
Lives yet that hated enemy of our cauſe?
Lives he our mighty projects to oppoſe?
Can his weak innocence, and heavens care,
Be thought ſecurity from what we dare,
Are ye then *Jeſuits*, are you ſo for nought?
In all the *Catholique depths* of *Treaſon* taught:
In *Orthodox*, and ſolid poyſoning read;
And each profounder Art of killing bred:
And can you fail or bungle in your trade?
Shall one poor life your cowardiſe upbraid?
Tame baſtard ſlaves, who your profeſſion ſhame,
And fix diſgrace on your great Founders name.
Think what late *Saints* (and ignoble crew,
(Not worthy to be rank'd in ſin with you)
Inſpir'd with zeal, durſt do.
How from his Throne, they hurl'd a Monarch down
And bravely eas'd him of his life and Crown:
They ſcorn'd, in Covert, their bold Art to hide,
In open face of Heaven the work they did;
And dar'd its vengeance, and its powers defy'd.
This is his *Son*, and *mortal* too like *Him*:
Durſt you uſurp the glory of the crime.
And dare ye not? *I* kno[w] [t]o be,
By ſuch as they, outd[one] in villan[y],
(Your proper prov[ince]) true, you ur[ge] [o]n,
Were Engins in the Act; but they alone
Share all the Odium, Credit and Renown.
But hold, I[n] ſaving our Church & cauſe, which nee[ds]
No foreign I[n]ſtance; nor what Others did.
Think on the matchleſs *Aſſaſſin*, whoſe name,
We with pride can make our happy claim;
He who a killing of an *Emperour*,
To give his poyſon ſtronger force and power,
Mixt a G[od] with't and made it work more ſure.
Bleſt me[mo]ry, which ſhall through age to come
Stand [fa]ſhioned in the liſts of *Hell* and *Rome*.
Let ou[r] great *Clement*, and *Ravillia'cs* name,
Your ſpirits to like height of ſin inflame.
Thoſe mighty ſouls, who each durſt bravely dye,
To have a Royal Ghoſt their company.
He[r]ick Art! and worth their tortures well,
W[ho] worth the ſuffering of a double-hell:
T[hat] they felt here, and that below they fell:
A[nd] if theſe cannot move you as you ſhou'd,
[Co]me and my example fire your blood,
[Th]ink what I durſt attempt; a glorious deed,
[Wh]ich durſt the fates have ſuffer'd to ſucceed.
[An]d Rivall'd hells moſt proud exploit [and]
[Ov]'n that which would the King of [fates]

20-Lor

Curst be that day, and nere in time enrold;
And curst the star, whose spightfull influence rul'd,
The luckless minute which my project spoild.
What mean't that power, which of it self afraid,
My glory, with my brave design betray'd?
Was't that he fear'd lest I who strook so high,
In guilt, should next blow up his Realm and sky?
Or if that fail'd, at least *I* would have durst,
And missing had got off with Fame at worst.

Had you but half my daringness in sin,
Your work had never thus unfinish'd been:
Had I been Man, and the great Act to do,
I'ad dy'd by this, and been what I am Now;
Or what his Father is; I would leap hell
To reach his life, though in the midst I fell;
And deeper then before.——

Let rabble souls, of narrow aim and reach;
Stoop their vile necks, and dull Obedience preach.
Let them with slavish awe, disdain'd by me:
Adore the purple Rag of Majesty,
And think't a sacred Relick of the sky.

Well may such fools be subject to controul;
To every scepter'd wretch that dares but rule:
Unlike the soul with which, proud I was born;
Who could that sneaking thing, a *Monarch* scorn;
Spurn off a Crown, and set my foot in sport,
Upon the head that wore it, trod in dirt.

But say, what i'st that binds your hands? does fear,
From such a glorious action, you deter?
Or i'st Religion? but you sure disclaim
That frivolous pretence, that empty Name:
Meer bugbear word, devis'd by us to scare
The senceless rout to slavishness and fear,
Nere known to awe the brave and those that dare.
Such weak, and feeble things may serve for checks,
To reign and curb base mettl'd *Heretick*:
Dull creatures, whose nice bogling consciences,
Startle, or strain at such like crimes as these.
Such whom fond inbred honesty befools:
Or their old musty peice the Bible Gulls.
That hated book, the Bullwark of our foes,
Whereby they still uphold their tott'ring cause,
Let no such toys mislead you from the Road
Of glory, nor infect your souls with good,
Let never bold incroaching virtue dare,
With her grim holy face to enter there.
No, not in very dream, have only will
Like *fiends* and *me*, to *Act* and *covet Ill*.
Let true substantial wickedness take place,
Usurp, and reign, let it the very trace,
If any yet be left of good, deface.

If ever qualms of inward cowardice,
(The thing which some dull sots call *Conscience*) rise,
Make them in streams of blood and slaughter drown,
Or with new weights of guilt still press them down.
Faith, *shame*, *Religion*, *Honour*, *Loyalty*,
Nature it self, what ever checks there be,
To loose and uncontroul'd Impiety,

Be all extinct in you; own no remorse,
But that you've balk'd a sin; have been no worse,
Or too much pity shew'd.———
Be diligent in mischiefs trade; be each
Performing as a devil, nor stick to reach,
At crimes most dangerous, where bold despair,
And heedless blind Revenge, would never dare
To look; March you, without a blush or fear.
Enflam'd by all the hazards that oppose,
And firm as burning Martyrs to our cause,
Then you're true Jesuites; then you're fit to be
Disciples of great *Loyola* and me:
Worthy to undertake, worthy a plot
Like this, and fit to scourge an *Hugenot*.
Plagues on that name, may swift confusion seize
And utterly blot out that curst Race:
Thrice damn'd be your Apostate Monk from whom
Sprung first these Enemies of *Us* and *Rome*.
Whose poysonous filth dropt from ingendring brain,
By monstrous birth did the vile Insects spawn;
Which now infect each Countrey, and defile
With their o'respreading swarms this goodly Isle,
Once it was ours, and subject to our yoke,
Till a late reigning witch the Enchantment broke.
It shall again, 'tis Hell and I decree,
If you but dare make good the prophecy,
Not fate it self shall hinder.——
Too sparing was the time, too milde the day,
When our great *Mary*, bore the English sway;
Un-queen-like pitty marr'd her Royall Power,
Nor was her purple dy'd enough in gore.
Four or five hundred, some such petty sum,
Might fall perhaps a sacrifice to *Rome*:
Scarce worth the naming; Had I had the power
Or been thought fit to be her Councellor:
She should have raised it to a noble score.
Big Bonefires have blazed; shone each day,
To tell our triumph, and make bright our way.
And when 'twas dark in every lane and street,
Thick flaming Hereticks should serve to light;
And save the needless charge of Links by night.
Smithfield should still have kept a constant fire,
Which never should be quench'd, never expire;
But with the Lives of all the miscreant rout,
Till the last gasping breath had blown it out.
So *Nero* did; such was his prudent course
Us'd too by all his mighty successours,
To tame like Hereticks of old, by force.
They scorn'd dull reason, and pedantick Rules;
To conquer, and reduce the hardned fools:
Racks, Gibbets, Halters, were their Arguments,
Which did most undeniably convince.
Gray-bearded Lyons, manag'd the dispute,
And Reverend Bears their doctrines did confute:
And all who durst hold out in stiff defence,
They gently claw'd, and worry'd into sence.
Better then all our *Sorbon* dotards now,
Who would by dint of words our foes subdue.
This was the rigid Discipline of Old,
Which modern sots for Persecution hold.

Of which dull *Annaliſes* in ſtory tell
Strange Legends, and huge bulky volums ſwell
With Martyr'd fools, that loſt their way to hell.
From theſe our Churches glorious Anceſtors,
We've learnt our Arts, and made their methods ours.
Nor have we come behind the firſt degree,
In Arts of rough and manly Cruelty.
Converting faggots, and the powerful ſtake,
And ſword reſiſtleſs our Apoſtles make.
This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
Were all the numerous proſelites of *Huſs*
Cruſht with their head; ſo *Waldo's* curled rout,
With thoſe of *Wickliff* here were routed out:
Their names ſcarce left: ſure were the means we choſe,
And wrought prevailingly; fire purg'd the droſs
Of thoſe foul hereſies, and ſovereign ſteel
Lopt off the infected Limbs, the Church to heal.
Renown'd was that French brave, renown'd his deed;
A deed, for which the day deſerves its Red;
Far more, then for a paltry S'aint that dy'd.
How goodly was the ſight, how fine the ſhow,
When *Paris* ſaw through all its Channels flow
The blood of *Huganots*; when the full Sein
Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o'reran.
He ſcorn'd like Common Murtherers to deal
By parcels, and peice-meal; he ſcorn'd retail,
Th' trade of death; whole myriads dy'd by th' great,
Soon as one ſingle life, ſo quick their fate,
Their very prayers and wiſhes came too late.
This a King did, and great and Mighty 'twas;
Worthy his high degree, and power and place,
And worthy our Religion and our Cauſe,
Unmatch'd 't had been, had not *Macquire* aroſe.
The bold *Macquire*; (who read in modern fame
Can be a ſtranger to his worth and name?)
Born to out-ſin a Monarch; born to Reign
In guilt, and all competitors diſdain.
Dread memory! whoſe each mention ſtill can make
Pale *Hereticks* with trembling horror quake.
T'undo a Kingdome, to atcheive a Crime
Like his, who would not fall, and dye like him?
Never had *Rome* a nobler ſervice done;
Never had Hell, each day came thronging down
Vaſt ſhoals of Ghoſts, and mine was pleas'd and glad,
And ſmil'd, when it the brave Revenge ſurvey'd.
Nor do I mention theſe great Inſtances,
For bounds and limits to your wickedneſs.
Dare you, beyond, ſomething out of the road
Of all example; where none yet have trod,
Nor ſhall hereafter: what mad *Catiline*
Durſt never think nor's madder poet feign.
Make the poor buffled pagan-fool to own,
How far in gallant miſchief overcome,
The old muſt yield to new and modern *Rome*.
Mix I'lls paſt, preſent, future in one Act,
One high, one brave, one great, one glorious fact:
Which hell and even I may envy.——
Such as that *Jove* himſelf may wiſh to be,
A complice in the mighty villany,
And barters Heaven, and vouchſafe to dye.

Nor let delay (the bain of enterprize)
Mar yours, or make the great importance miſs.
This fact hath wak'd your Enemies, and their fear,
Let it be your vigour too, be ſwift to dare;
Haſten, and let your deeds foreſtall intent;
Forſtall e'vn wiſhes, ere they can take vent;
Nor give the fates the leiſure to prevent.
Let the full clouds which a long time did wrap
Your gathering Thunder, now with ſudden Clap,
Break out upon your foes; daſh, and confound,
And ſcatter wide deſtruction all a round:
Let the fir'd Citty to your plot give light,
You ras'd it half before, now raſe it quite:
Do't more effectually; I'd have it glow
In flames unquenchable as thoſe below.
I'd ſee the miſcreants with their houſes burn,
And both together into Aſhes turn.
Bend next your fury to the curſt *Divan*;
That damn'd Committee, whom the fates ordain,
To all our well laid Plots to be the bane.
Unkennel thoſe State foxes where they lye,
Working your ſpeedy fate and deſtiny.
Lug by the ears the doting Prelates thence;
Daſh Hereſy together with their Brains
Out of their ſhattered heads; lop off the Lords
And Commons at one ſtroke, and let your ſwords
Adjourn 'em all to th'other world.——
Would I were bleſt with fleſh and blood again,
But to be Actor in that happy ſcene:
Yet ſtill I may be by: and glut my view,
Revenge ſhall take its fill, in ſtate I'le go
With Captive Ghoſts t'attend me down below.
Let theſe the handſells of your vengeance be,
Yet ſtop not here, nor flag in cruelty,
Kill like a Plague or Inquiſition; ſpare
No age, degree, or ſex: only to dare
To own a life; only a ſoul to wear.
Be crime enough to loſe no time nor place,
Be ſanctuary from your outrages.
Spare not in Churches, kneeling Prieſts at prayer;
The interceding for you, ſlay e'en there:
Spare not young Infants ſmiling at the breaſt,
Who from relenting fools may mercy wreſt.
Rip teeming wombs, tear out the hatred brood
From thence, and drown them in their mothers blood.
Pitty not Virgins, nor their tender cryes,
The proſtrate at your feet with melting eyes:
All drown'd in tears, ſtrike home as 'twere in luſt,
And force their hands to guide the fatal thruſt.
Raviſh at the Altar, kill when you have done;
Make them your Rapes and Victims too in one.
Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give
To Age, juſt crawling on the verge of life:
Snatch from his leaning hands their weak ſupport,
And with it knock't into the Grave in ſport.
Brain the poor Cripple with his crutch, then cry,
Yo've kindely rid him of his miſery.

Seal

Seal up your ears to mercy; leſt their words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your ſwords, (dare
(Their tongues too) down their throats; let them not
To mutter for their ſouls a gaſping prayer,
But choak't in th' utterance, and ſtab it there.
'Twere witty handſome malice could you do't)
To make 'em dye, and make 'em damn'd, to boot.
Make children, by one fate with Parents dye,
Kill in revenge, the next poſterity:
You'l ſo be peſter'd with no Orphans cry,
No Childleſs Mothers curſe your Memory.
Make death and deſolation ſwim in blood,
Throughout the Land, with nought to ſtop the flood
But ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes, till the whole Iſle
Become one Tomb, become on Funeral *Pile*.
Till ſuch vaſt numbers ſwell the countleſs ſum,
That the wide grave, and wider hell want room,
Great was that tyrants wiſh, which ſhould be mine,
Did I not ſcorn the leavings of a ſin.
Freely I would beſtow't on *England* now,
That the whole Nation with one neck might grow,
To be ſlic'd off, and you to give the blow.
What never *Saxon rage* could ere inflict,
Nor *Danes* more ſavage, nor the *barbrous Pict*;
What *Spain*, nor *Eighty eight* could ere deviſe,
With all its fleet, and fraught of cruelties:
What *Medina* nere *wiſht*, much leſs could *dare*,
And *bloodier Alva* would with trembling hear;
What may outdo all prodigies of old,
And make their milder cruelties untold:
What Heavens Judgments, nor the angry ſtars,
Forreign Invaſions, nor Domeſtick wars;
Plague, Fire nor Famine could effect or do;
All this, and more, be dar'd and done by you.
But why do I with id'ler talk delay,
Your hands, and while they ſhould be acting ſtay?
Farewell.——

If I may waft a prayer for your ſucceſs.
Hell be your aid, and your high projects bleſs.
May that vile wretch, if any here they be,
That meanly ſhrinks from brave Iniquity;
If any dare feel pity or remorſe,
May he feel all I've bid you act, and worſe:
May he by rage of foes unpittied fall,
And they tread out his hated Soul to hell,
May's name and carcaſſe rot, expos'd alike to be,
An everlaſting mark of grinning Infamy.

FINIS.

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